position being one of command, I should doubt the possibility
of such an action. . . ."

I think I received more letters about my Portia than
about all my other parts put together. Many of them
came frorn university men. One old playgoer wrote to tell
me that he liked me better than my former instructress,
Mrs. Charles Kean. "She mouthed it as she did most
things_She was not real—a staid, sentimental' Anglaise/
and more than a little stiffly pokerish."

Henry Irving's Shylock was generally co-needed to be
full of talent and reality, but some of his critics could not
resist saying that this was *not* the Jew that Shakespeare
drew ! Now, who is in a position to say what is the Jew
that Shakespeare drew ? I think Henry Irving knew as
well as most! Nay, I am sure that in his age he was the
only person able to decide.

Some said his Shylock was intellectual, and appealed
more to the intellect of his audiences than to their emotions.
Surely this is talking for the sake of talking. I recall so
many things that touched people to the heart! Por
absolute pathos, achieved by absolute simplicity of means,
I never saw anything in the theatre to compare with his
Shylock's return home over the bridge to his deserted house
after Jessica's flight.

A younger actor, producing " The Merchant of Venice '*
in recent years, asked Irving if he might borrow this bit of
business. " By all means/' said Henry. " With great
pleasure."

" Then, why didn't you do it ? " inquired my daughter
bluntly when the actor was telling us how kind and courte-

ous Henry had been in allowing him to use his stroke of invention.

" What do you mean ? " asked the astonished actor.

My daughter told him that Henry had dropped the